

More Notes on the Theory of American Degeneracy

It's going to take a lot more than a moose this time
to convince the French that this country
isn't withered & rife with noxious vapors.
The Republic's going to hell in a hand basket.
All the poets say so. Though on second thought,
a moose might not be a bad start. What with that high-speed train
and all, let's take him live this time. And forget about the French.
Let's walk him right through the front doors of the House
of Representatives. Knock. Like we're showing up
for the State of the Union. Antlers swinging, hooves skidding
marble. Seven feet tall. *Behold!* Of course then there'll be a debate
between Alaska and Wyoming on the origins of this moose.
And the South Dakotans will raise the question of bison.
Point of order, the New Jersey delegation will propose
an amendment to substitute a horse. An armadillo.
A golden bear. A badger or a ruffed grouse.
The Arizona delegation will move to see his papers.
Then some tired soul from the back bench: *I yield my time
to the gentleman from Virginia & the lady from Oregon.*
You: *Behold the moose.* Me: A deep curtsy, knee to the floor.
Yes, behold. Nunc dimittis, Domine.

~Wendy Willis